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THE
LONG INHERITANCE
of the
MENZIES FAMILY

Foreword

It has been borne in upon me for some time that the younger members of our family should know that they have an inheritance very precious—an ancestry of brave and honest men and women who have helped make America. As I have plenty of time, I shall try to write of the main lines of our family, so far as it has been my good fortune to know them. (To hunt records involves research that I can not give.)

ANNE MENZIES SPEARS

February 3, 1930

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John William Menzies

John W. Menzies was the fourth child and second son of Elizabeth Martha Garber and William Adam Menzies. He was born near Bryan's Station, Fayette County, Kentucky.

William Adam Menzies was a lawyer, living and practicing his profession at Versailles, Kentucky. He was a partner of William Blackburn in 1810, and afterwards was Associate Judge with Judge Davidge. Preferring farm life, he retired from the law, and after living on a farm near Versailles for some years, bought a farm near Stepper's Cross Roads, in Bourbon County. He could not have immediate possession, so he rented for one year the Warfield farm at Bryan's Station. Here John W. Menzies was born April 12, 1819.

He lived in Bourbon County till the Fall of 1832, when his father bought a farm at Old Richwood Station, Boone County, Kentucky. At this farm, called Roseneath, Judge Menzies lived till manhood. In 1834 he was sent to Franklin Academy, Washington, Mason County, Kentucky. This school was highly esteemed, and the people of Washington were charming socially. Here he acquired a fair knowledge of the classics and formed the beginning of that love of general literature that is to the lawyer and judge not only a means of relaxation, but a valuable aid in his profession.

Of the life on the farm at Roseneath there has filtered down to the descendants of Adam and Elizabeth Menzies many stories of happy times, and brave times of the trials that come to all men and women to whom life, well lived, is an obligation. To those who have the clan feeling in their hearts, these old stories of loving, living and even hating, make for a goodly heritage. In December, 1838, John

John William Menzies

W. Menzies went to Staunton, Virginia, the home of his mother's people. In the Fall of 1839 he entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. Here he remained till the Fall of 1840, when, with his diploma and a Virginia law license, he returned home in time to vote for Harrison and Tyler. He made his journey to Virginia on horseback, intending to sell his horse, a good one, to help maintain himself at the university. He discovered, on his stay at a mountain inn, a plot to steal his horse, and his hasty midnight ride through the lonely mountain roads was afterward an interesting tale to tell.

At Newcastle, Kentucky, his Kentucky license was signed by Judge Pryor, and in March, 1841, at Warsaw, Kentucky, before the same Judge Pryor, he was duly sworn and admitted to the practice of law in the state. Mr. Menzies settled in Covington, Kentucky. At this time the Bar in Covington was composed of many men who since have become part of the history of Kentucky. Mr. Menzies made the beginning of his public career as School Trustee, City Clerk, City Attorney, and member of City Council. In 1848 he succeeded Hon. Herman Grosbeck in the Legislature. While in the Legislature in 1849, he was largely instrumental in securing an amendment to the charter of the Covington & Lexington Railway Company. Mr. Menzies opposed the calling of the Convention in 1850 and the constitution adopted by it, as tending through the multiplicity of popular elections provided for by it, to increase the number and power of corrupt votes, and for like reason he opposed the Convention and Constitution of 1890-91. In 1855-56 Mr. Menzies again became a member of the Legislature. He was candidate for Speaker before the caucus, and was defeated by Ben Huston and made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He introduced a law to allow married women to do business as single, which was passed. He engineered through the House the celebrated "Act of

John William Menzies

1856 against Fraudulent Preferences," which still retains its place in the Statutes of Kentucky, and aided the passage of the Act providing for amendment or repeal of the charters of corporations at the will of the Legislature. When the initial event of the Civil War occurred at Fort Sumter, Mr. Menzies ranged with the Union men of Kentucky and was elected to the Thirty-Seventh Congress from the Covington District. Mr. Menzies supported the war against secession and heartily concurred in the Crittenden Resolution of July, 1861. The Kentucky congressmen at this time, with the exception of Mr. Bennett, were true Union men and in harmony with President Lincoln in maintaining the national boundaries, slavery or no slavery, though believing that the good of both races required that the negroes should be kept in subordination to the white race. They accepted as sincere Mr. Lincoln's emphatic assurance to the Border State Men "that at least during his administration there would be no abolition of slavery."

How Mr. Lincoln departed from this promise honestly made and fully meant when made, but broken under pressure from non-Union men of the North, who preferred separation rather than the continued recognition of slavery, and who so shaped Northern sentiment to their views as to change the issues of the Crittenden Resolution of 1861 and demanded separation or abolition, and how yielding to the necessities of an altered political status, in order to preserve the national boundary unchanged, he issued his famous proclamation, has become history, and aptly illustrates the saying of Governor Morton, "In times like these the impossibilities of today become the necessities of tomorrow."

In 1865 Mr. Menzies stood for re-election on the Crittenden Resolution. But the public feeling in Kentucky at that time was strongly pro-Southern and he was defeated. This closed the strictly political career of Mr. Menzies; the rest of his life was devoted to his profession. In his

John William Menzies

professional life he was first associated in law partnership with Stephen Horace Cambron; afterward with Simon Stansifer, who later went to Columbus, Indiana; then with J. E. Spillman, who later left the law for the ministry. In 1856 Mr. Menzies formed a partnership with Judge Pryor. In 1867 he left Covington to live on a farm in Pendleton County, although keeping his law office in Covington. In 1873 he was elected Judge of the Chancery Court and served twenty years. Then the Chancery Judgeship was abolished. Judge Menzies resumed his practice of his profession until his death in Falmouth, October 3, 1897.

Judge Menzies was twice married, first on May 25, 1848, to Eliza Jane Butler, daughter of Richard P. Butler of Carrollton, Kentucky, a descendant of one of Washington's "four Butlers." Mrs. Menzies died in 1850, leaving one daughter born in 1849. She is Frances Butler, wife of Xenophon Hawkins of Springfield, Missouri. On December 29, 1853, Judge Menzies married Samuella Lewis Peniston, daughter of Richard M. Peniston of Carrollton, a descendant of William Whitley, of pioneer fame. There were born to them nine children, one dying in infancy, and the eldest son, Finnell Whitley Menzies, a young man of great promise and personal charm, died in his early manhood. The seven living are, Lily, wife of A. K. Barbour, Helena, Montana; Sally, wife of Leslie T. Applegate, Covington, Kentucky; Anne, widow of J. M. Spears, Covington, Kentucky; Katharine Nicholson, wife of Isaac Kinsey, Toledo, Ohio; Elizabeth Garber, wife of John G. Simrall, Covington, Kentucky; Nelly Lewis, wife of Frank D. Van Winkle, Covington, Kentucky; and John W. Menzies, who was Clerk of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Kentucky at Covington, Kentucky, and who later became Clerk of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit.

When I was first asked to write this little sketch of my father I thought I would just set down the above facts and

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say nothing more, but it has been borne in on my mind while writing that this book is not for the public but a family book, and that it is fitting to make some acknowledgment of the character of those who have gone before us. My father was a man of clear, logical mind, and the high sense of honor that never falters. He was a fine example of the old Scotch Presbyterian virtues, softened by the warm, big-heartedness of his mother's nature.

It is told of him that during the bitter political campaigns of the early Civil War times, when the State was torn between the Union and secession, that in a political speech some heckler called, "If you are elected, will you or will you not vote for arms and means to support the Government?"—a question which at that time would almost induce a riot. Judge Menzies said, "Sir, if such a bill is introduced I shall carefully scrutinize it."

But in looking back at my father's house, the strongest remembrance I have is of the high character of that household; the gracious hospitality, the succoring hand, the rectitude and high courage, the courage to bear life bravely, and the strong sense of obligation. It was never a question with father and mother, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They gave what they had and many went from their home strengthened to live life uprightly. My father and mother were handsome and of much personal charm, but the thought that comes first is that of their high rectitude.

I have written this thinking that, in a family book, the important thing is the character of those who have gone before us. This is our goodly heritage—that we can look back over the years and see the "long inheritance" of upright men and women, each trying to hand on to their descendants character strengthened by the unseen filaments of honor, courage and loving kindness, that run back through the men and women who have lived and left the world better for their living.

Samuella Lewis (Peniston) Menzies

Our mother, full of dignity, kindness, and gracious hospitality, was a beautiful example of those our ancestors called gentlewomen. She was very pretty, with chestnut hair, deep blue eyes, and full of executive ability.

If she had lived today, with her religious nature, and clear, common sense, she would have probably been a leader in civic affairs, or any plans for the betterment of living. But the ladies of her generation held to the ideal that woman's place was "the safe sweet corner of the fireside, behind the heads of children." Certainly she was a wonderful mother and wife.

The daughter of Richard Masterson Peniston and Anne Madison Lewis, there ran in her veins the best of the pioneer blood of our country.

Always her memory will be a loving benediction to her children.

The Menzies Line

In 1745 or 1746 there came to Virginia two young Scotchmen, Adam and George Menzies, who settled in Richmond County, Virginia. They were Highlanders, and family tradition says they left Scotland because they were adherents of the Stuarts. Possibly they were only full of the fire of youthful adventure. They came, and in 1750 Adam Menzies was ordained a clergyman in the Episcopal Church, and was licensed to preach in Virginia December 28, 1750—K. B. Va. He was Rector of Bromfield Parish, Culpepper County (now Madison and Rappahannock), in 1754-55, Rector of St. Stephens Parish, Northumberland County, from 1758-67. (See Goodwin's *Colonial Church in Virginia and Meades "Old Churches, Ministers, and Old Families in Virginia."*)

Now the same old family tradition says he was minister in the Old Farnham Church in Richmond County. This I have not yet found in the records, but I have found that the Reverend Adam Menzies married Phoebe Peachy, whose father was one of the vestrymen of the Old Farnham Church. Adam and Phoebe Menzies had two sons, George and Samuel Peachy Menzies. George was sent to England to be educated, while Samuel Peachy was given the best education obtainable at home. Both brothers joined the American Army. Samuel was a First Lieutenant of his company at the Battle of Yorktown. The Captain was ill, so Samuel Peachy Menzies commanded the company, and was always afterwards called Captain Menzies. After the war he was married to Frances Miskel, the daughter of a Scotch factor, in Richmond County, Virginia. I have heard my father say that he knew his grandfather well, and had

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heard him tell many a tale of the Revolution. (Both George Menzies the first and George Menzies the second died unmarried.)

Samuel Peachy and Frances Miskel Menzies had four children, born in Richmond County, Virginia. They were Elizabeth Phoebe, William Adam, Fanny and Thomas. My grandfather, William Adam, was born February 4, 1785. Samuel Peachy Menzies moved with his family to Frederick County, near Winchester, Virginia. From here William Adam was sent to Washington College at Lexington, Virginia. After this he went to Staunton, Virginia, to study law in the office of Hon. Chapman Johnson. Here he was admitted to the bar, and married Elizabeth Martha Garber, eldest daughter of Michael and Margaret Smith Garber. Captain Samuel Peachy Menzies' eldest daughter, Elizabeth Phoebe, eloped with and married Doctor George Timberlake. They lived in Cynthiana, Kentucky, had a family, but as far as I know they are all dead.

Fanny married Doctor Richard Bohannon of Woodford County, Kentucky, and left descendants.

Thomas married twice; first Polly Singleton, then Martha Taylor, but if he left descendants I do not know of them.

Samuel Peachy Menzies went from Virginia to Woodford County, Kentucky, settling on a farm on Clear Creek, three miles from Versailles. He lived here until his death in 1833. His wife, Frances, died in 1827. Their graves are in the cemetery in Versailles, Kentucky.

After his wife's death he made a second marriage with Mrs. Hannah Hunt. My aunt, who remembered her step-grandmother, said she was "a neat, trig little woman, who admired 'Captain Miniss,' and kept both the Captain and his house spick and span." There were no children by this marriage.

I have left the eldest son, William Adam, to the last, because he was my grandfather, and I wanted to say a little

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more about him. He was born in Richmond County, Virginia, February 4, 1785. While his father was living near Winchester, Virginia, he (William Adam) was sent to finish his education at Washington College in Lexington, Virginia (now Washington and Lee). From college he went to Staunton, Virginia, to study law in the office of Chapman Johnson. There he met his wife, Elizabeth M. Garber. After they were married he decided to follow his father to Woodford County, Kentucky. There he settled in Versailles to practice law in partnership with William Blackburn. He became an Associate Judge with Judge Davidge. Judge Menzies was by nature a student, and loved the country, so he retired from the practice of law and lived on a farm in Woodford County for some years. Then he bought a farm at "Stepper's Cross Roads," Bourbon County, Kentucky. He could not have possession for a year, so he rented the Warfield farm, at Bryan's Station, Fayette County, Kentucky. There my father, John William Menzies, was born April 12, 1819. Grandfather William Adam lived in Bourbon County for twelve years. Then he bought a farm near Richwood, Boone County, Kentucky. This farm my grandmother called "Roseneath." Here grandfather and grandmother lived a full, rounded life, until they were old, when they moved to Covington, Kentucky, to be near their children. They kept house until grandmother died, before I was born. Grandfather lived many years, and I remember him well. He was of medium height, with very clear-cut features, very white hair, a little curly. He always wore a black stock, and in his last days wrote by the hour, with a goose-quill pen, in defense of secession. He was an ardent State-Rights advocate. His two sons, Doctor Samuel G. Menzies, a Union soldier and a surgeon on Sherman's staff, and Judge John W. Menzies, a "Union Democrat," opposed secession.

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Grandfather was a devout Presbyterian elder, and full of all sorts of stories and ballads. He was wonderful company for an imaginative child. He taught me to read, and much folk-lore poetry, largely Scottish, and to believe "That a man's good name was the 'immediate jewel of his soul.' " He played the flute, and for many years was precentor in the choir, pitching the tune with his tunefork. I remember playing checkers with him. He died in his sleep in his eighty-seventh year, in my father's home at Menzies' Station, Pendleton County, Kentucky.

My grandmother's lineage you will find in the Garber's History.

The Peachy Line

1. Robert Peachy of Milden Hall, Suffolk County, England. 2. His son, Samuel Peachy, came to Virginia about 1659 and settled in Richmond County and married Elizabeth Lee. 3. Their son William married Phoebe Slaughter. 4. Samuel Peachy, son of the above, married Winifred Griffin. Their sons were Samuel, Colonel William, Thomas Griffin, LeRoy and Eustace. Their daughter, Phoebe, married Adam Menzies. Their son, Samuel Peachy Menzies, was our great-grandfather.

Of the Miskel family, I know but little, save that they lived in Richmond County, Virginia. And there is a record that Frances Miskel's father was one of the vestrymen of the Old Farnham Church.

Of the Garber family, I have written at length, so I will set down here only the names of our ancestors. Michael Garber and his wife, Anna, German or Swiss Quakers, came to the port in Philadelphia in the Ship Hope in September, 1754. They settled in York, Pennsylvania. Their son, Michael Garber 2nd, was born in 1742, married Magdalena Smoot in 1765, and died in 1824. Their son, the third Michael Garber, was born in 1769, and died in 1845. He married Margaret Smith, and they had a large family. Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth Martha, married William Adam Menzies, and became our grandmother. She died before I was born, so what I have to say of her is from hearsay. We have all seen the charming minature of our young grandmother, and the portrait showing her at middle age when she had become stout. Even then she had a fine, strong face. She was a musician, her piano being one of the first, if not the first, hauled over the mountains to Ken-

The Peachy Line

tucky. She played as long as she lived, and was full of humor and wit. I have seen some of her letters and they were charming.

Mention of Great-grandmother Margaret Garber's family, the Cunninghams, I will put in Cousin Marie Garber's paper. The Staunton, Virginia, records are full of references to the Cunninghams.

The Smith Line

John Smith, native of Bristol, England, came to this country in 1700, located in West Moreland, and married Mary Anne Adkins, a relative of Washington. Their son, John, married Lizzie Marshall. Lizzie Marshall was, I think, an aunt of the Chief Justice Marshall. John and Lizzie Smith's son, Thomas, married Agnes or Margaret Cunningham, and their daughter, Margaret, was Great-grandmother Garber.

Copy of John Smith's Will

I give unto my son Thomas my land that I now live upon, to him and his heirs and assigns forever. And I give my land which I bought of William Thompson to my son John, to him and his assigns, and in case my son John die before he comes of lawful age, the land falls to my son Augustine. Also I give to my son Thomas a gun and cow, which he calls his.

All the rest of my estate I give to my wife, Mary, during her widowhood, and then to be equally divided amongst my children. Also I leave my wife Mary and my son Thomas my whole and sole executors. Herewith I set my seal attest.

Witnesses

Sam Thornberry
John Pope
Margaret Moors

Probated Aug. 25, 1725.

The Garber Line

The First Michael in America

Our family name of Garber is Anglicized. In its oldest form it was Terwer. It is spelled Gerber in Switzerland, Alsace and Germany, Guerbre in France, and Garberino in Italy. There is conflicting opinion as to where the family originated, but the preponderance of evidence establishes it first in Switzerland. Doubtless Garbers migrated from thence to Westphalia, the Palatine, Alsace and elsewhere, and so gave rise to the theory that their original residence was somewhere other than in the province of Berne, Switzerland.

About the year 1734 there was a persecution in Europe of the Mennonites or German Quakers. William Penn, whose mother was a German Quaker, invited the Mennonites to take refuge in this new country, and sold them 1600 acres in what is now Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In September, 1734, there arrived from Rotterdam in Philadelphia the Ship Hope. On this ship was a young man, Michael Garber, aged 27, his wife, Anna, aged 22, and their baby daughter, Anna. Before the Superior Court of Pennsylvania they qualified, having complied with the terms required by the Act of Parliament. Being Quakers they could not conscientiously take an oath. Michael Garber, Lancaster County, certified to Richard Adams, Secretary. (Copy was sent to London, November 5, 1734.)

Lancaster County was created in 1729. Michael Garber lived there until the County of York was taken off of Lancaster, then he was a citizen of York. This Michael Garber was my great-great-great-grandfather.

It was in 1750 that the exodus to Virginia started, caused by the refusal of the Penns to sell any more land. This

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stock of German Quakers was a devout people. They brought with them the Bible, the prayer-book and the catechism, but with it all they were warriors. As early as 1725 the English called them "bold, indigent strangers from Germany, where many of them had been soldiers." Many of these settlers had means. All of them were bold in the sense of manifesting bravery, in asserting their rights and in the protection of their homes. They were a rampart of defense between the noncombatant and the hostile savages. Their industry and thrift were proverbial—they made the wilderness to blossom like the rose. They were agriculturists and artizans. So outstanding were they in this respect that in 1783 the then Governor felt compelled to say of them that, "the present condition of this province is in a great measure due to the industry of these people." They were somewhat slow in political movements, for German citizenship had been made onerous and their language isolated them to some extent. In 1750 Thomas Penn said of those who had acquired the right of suffrage "that they learned to vote in an insolent manner," confounding insolence with the independence which should always characterize freemen.

Doctor G. C. Heckman, of Hanover College, summarized these people (in an address before the Pennsylvania German Society): "The Germans were in all respects the equals of the best colonists from Newfoundland to Florida. In some pursuits, as agriculture, they were superior to most. They imported no illiteracy, no impiety into the New World. They came so equipped in varied qualifications and adaptations that they could, if necessary, in themselves be independent of others." . . .

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Michael Garber of York

Born 1742, died 1824. Son of Michael and Anna Garber.

Michael Garber was born in York County, Pennsylvania, in 1742. He was married to Magdalena Smoot in York in 1765. Tradition in the family describes Magdalena as "a handsome woman, tall and stately, and the beauty in the Garber family came from her." The children of this marriage were:

Michael, who married Margaret Smith,
Barbara, who married Robert Forbes,
Magdalena, who married I. Morris,
Christian, bachelor (old Uncle Chris of Hollidaysburg).

One incident of Michael's life was more creditable to his religious faith (Mennonite) than to his patriotism. His son Michael 3rd (later of Staunton) joined General St. Clair's army as it passed that way. Michael 2nd immediately proceeded to camp, and on account of Michael's youth secured his release. Thus was spoiled a good Revolutionary record for his descendants. The fact that Michael 3rd never united with a church until in his last illness is an indication that this interference of religious conviction with civil duty turned him against his ancestral denomination.

That Michael 2nd was a patriot is demonstrated by an old family letter, "as Grandfather Garber had a barrel or two of Continental notes he must have supported the Americans in a certain way." Neither Michael nor Magdalena spoke English well. In Virginia as in Pennsylvania, he was a farmer, a coppersmith and a blacksmith. He is described by his children and grandchildren as a visionary man, making clocks and machines. One story is told about him that he made brandy from shavings that cost \$20 a gallon. Magdalena, his wife, was so unappreciative of

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Michael's inventive turn that he built his workshop quite a distance from his dwelling house. He was an excellent artizan. I have seen a copper "Turk's Head" for baking cake wrought by him, and he manufactured the nails for the old Augusta County Court House and other buildings in Staunton. Had this Michael united his skill as a mechanic and his genius as an inventor with the faculty of commercializing his inventions he would today be ranked among the great Americans. The New York Journal of Commerce contained the following article:

The First Cut Nails

"I have asked the question fifty or a hundred times who was the inventor of the cut nail and never have I had an answer," writes Ralph Clayton in the *Iron Trade Review*. "I will answer it myself. An old German, Michael Garber, on the middle river in Augusta County, about the year 1803. He also invented a machine for making flooring brads."

Michael and Magdalena returned to Pennsylvania in their old age. All their children, save Michael 3rd, died in the Keystone state. Their bachelor son, Christian, provided for them. An old family letter reads: "Christian Garber took care of his father and mother and his elder sister, Barbara Garber Forbes, and brought them to Hollidaysburg where he was a merchant." In the cemetery at Hollidaysburg are the graves with the following inscriptions: Michael Garber, born in York, Pennsylvania, 1742, died Aug. 31, 1824. Magdalena Smoot Garber, born 1744, died Dec. 21, 1830.

M. C. Garber of Madison, Indiana, has a Royal Arch Mason apron worn by Michael Garber during the earlier years of his life in York, Pennsylvania. This shows he was well up in Masonry of that early period, a man of excellent character and one who stood well in his community.

Michael Garber of Staunton—1769-1845

Michael Garber 3rd was born in Little York, Pennsylvania, in 1769. I have been told that he named the Smith-Cunningham estate in Augusta County, Virginia, Lebanon because of his affectionate remembrance of his original home. The Lebanon, Pennsylvania, thus commemorated was a farm. There is now a Lebanon County and county seat with the same name. There is no record of Michael's youth save of his thwarted attempt to join the Revolutionary Army.

In 1786, at the age of seventeen, he, with his parents, passed through Maryland up the historic Valley of Virginia to Staunton. Later over the same roads his father, mother, brother and sisters returned to Pennsylvania, he alone having cast his lot with Virginia. Still later his sons, Michael Christian, and Christian went over the same way to cast their lot in Pennsylvania. And yet later Michael 3rd's grandsons marched over this road with Jackson and Lee, helping to make it immortal by their heroism and devotion to the Lost Cause. In Staunton, Michael prospered and married Margaret Smith, daughter of Major Thos. Smith and granddaughter of Captain John Cunningham. Pages 295-1792 of the Chalkley Manuscript, Augusta County, records the wedding thus: "Marriage bonds, M. Garber, Jr., and Margaret Smith, daughter of Thos. Smith (Dec'd) and Elizabeth Smith, consent. Witnesses Sally Smith, Betty Smith, surety Vincent Tapp." Micheal was 23 and Margaret was 17. The wedding occurred at Smith farm homestead, afterward called Lebanon, now called Lebanon White Sulphur Springs.

Michael learned his father's trade of coppersmith, also made cut nails. He also conducted the Bell tavern for many years and was extensively interested in the stage-coach lines. He engaged in politics, was a Jackson Democrat, and was in municipal or county office most of his adult life. He was

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not a bitter partizan, his gentle Quaker faith making him broad and tolerant in his views. He was Mayor of Staunton three times, a member of the City Council for several years. He was also Gentleman Justice Deputy Sheriff for many years, finally Sheriff of the County. He was one of the original members of the first volunteer fire company organized in Staunton. Mayor, Sheriff, or Captain, Michael Garber is frequently mentioned in the Chalkley's Manuscript. Boys were apprenticed to him to learn the copper-smith trade, and his name often occurs as guardian, surety and witness.

Michael Garber's military ardor, so quenched in his youth, at last found expression. In the record of the Colonial Forces of Augusta County, Virginia (page 302), on May 20, 1795, we find him an Ensign of the Thirty-Second Regiment. An Ensign was at that time a commissioned officer of the army who carried the ensign or flag of the company. The selection of a man for Ensign was certain evidence that he was tall, strong, brave and fine-looking. Later, in 1797, he became Captain in the First Battalion of the Thirty-Second Regiment. In the War of 1812 he and his father were enrolled in the Augusta County militia and were on duty. Michael's wife Margaret inherited the ancestral home of John Cunningham and Thomas Smith, a tract of land near Staunton of several thousand acres, now Lebanon White Sulphur Springs. Here is an extract from a letter of Mrs. Sallie R. Taylor:

"It was quite a Summer resort for Staunton people. The spring was walled up and had a good house over it, with benches around. To walk to the Springs was a favorite diversion. I recollect Jerome Bonaparte used to travel there with his family in his carriage and stay several days on his way to the larger springs. Huntsmen came in quantities, as game was most plentiful."

Mrs. Ellen Schell Garber, wife of M. C. Garber, was exceedingly fond of her father-in-law. She said of him that

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he was the handsomest man she ever saw; he was very tall, well proportioned, with blue eyes and a benignant expression. He was mild mannered, but of decided opinions. The following is part of a letter from Mrs. Sallie Virginia Davis (daughter of Wm. H. Garber) dated Aberdeen, Mississippi, May 22, 1915:

"It came as a surprise and perhaps as a shock to hear I was the only person now living who had known my grandfather. This was momentary, however, for, of course, I knew I had outlived my generation and naturally belong to a bygone age. It is curious, considering the years that have passed, how vividly I remember our good grandfather. He was always kind and gentle with children though he rarely took much notice of them. I always think of him as sitting in an arm chair on the porch with his broad Quaker brimmed hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth. If one of us was noisy or troublesome he would look steadily at the offender and say very gravely and calmly, 'Thou art a booby.' I remember we were always crushed by the reproof. We came somehow to understand that his always wearing his hat and saying thee and thou were a part of his Quaker belief. I secretly was very proud of having a Quaker grandfather—no other girl at school had one. I never remember hearing him speak of his faith, but I somehow imbibed a peculiar love for it and secretly planned that when I was a grown lady and could do as I chose I would be a Quaker. I have been a member of the Episcopalian Church for many years now but my heart has never lost its reverence for my grandfather's faith, and I hope I have not been a worse Episcopalian because I have been a Friend at heart.

"Grandfather was a very stubborn politician of a peculiar type. He refused to argue about his convictions. Mr. Thos. J. Michie (who married his daughter Margaret) had undertaken the task of converting him. The presidential election was pending, Uncle Michie strongly advocat-

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ing the candidate grandfather opposed. Mr. Michie was an able debater and very much determined on converting grandfather. When the conversation started, grandfather removed his pipe just to state he would vote for his chosen candidate whom he considered the best man for the place. He then settled himself in his chair and resumed his pipe. Uncle Michie immediately poured forth a torrent of oratory, all going to prove that the salvation of the Republic depended on the election of the other man, winding up with a warm appeal to vote as became a man and a patriot. Grandfather calmly took his pipe from his mouth and repeated word for word what he had said at first and began smoking, greatly to the exasperation of Uncle Michie. The whole scene was repeated exactly, and a very angry man walked away utterly discomfited.

“I suppose a kinder or better-hearted man never lived than this good grandfather. He had, near Staunton, a remarkably fine field of corn. One day in the late summer he rode out to inspect the ripened crop. As he rode into the field he saw a poor woman and her little boy busily filling a bag with the corn. Going up to them he took the bag, filled it to the brim, and putting it on the back on his horse went home with them and gave them the corn with the only comment, ‘When you need corn do not steal it, but come to me and I will see that you get it.’

“Cousin Will Harman used to tell with great gusto an anecdote of my grandfather as magistrate. One day a very poor man was brought before him charged with stealing a pair of shoes from a cobbler. The evidence was conclusive, no doubt remained that the man was guilty, but he was so miserably poor and wretched that the magistrate hesitated for a long time. At last he said, ‘Not guilty,’ and turned to the cobbler saying, ‘I will see that you are paid for the shoes.’ Uncle Toby himself never showed more exquisite tenderness than that.

The Garber Line

“The loss of his daughter, Margaret Reed, wife of Thomas Michie, in childbirth, was a great blow to him. And the hanging of one of his slaves, a simple-minded victim of the greed of an unscrupulous villain, preyed on his mind and he began to lose strength. His son, Dr. Alec Garber, of Mississippi, came home to try and persuade him to use medical aid. Grandfather said, ‘Why should I take it?’ ‘To make you stronger,’ was the reply. ‘But,’ said he, ‘I do not wish to be stronger. I am tired of living and will be glad when my time comes.’ So in a short time he calmly met the end for which he longed and went rejoicing to his rest.”

Margaret Smith Garber, wife of Michael Garber, was a lovely and charming woman who died comparatively early. There is a miniature of her belonging to Cousin Rosa Johnson (Covington). She was small with fair complexion, blue eyes and light brown curly hair. Petite and pretty, she could stand under her husband’s arm. “Just reached his heart,” he would say. She was the daughter of Major Thomas Smith and his wife Elizabeth Cunningham (some records say Agnes), who was the first white child born in Staunton, Virginia. She was the daughter of John Cunningham and ——— Patterson. It is my misfortune that I have not access to the records of this family. I know that John Cunningham was a soldier, a private in Captain Isreal Christian’s Company as far back as 1756. The tradition is that he was a descendant of that Alec Cunningham who was one of those gallant young men who, of their own motion, without official sanction, shut the gates of Londonderry in the face of King James’s troops, paving the way for that famous siege which began Friday, December 7, 1688. The Cunninghams have an interesting coat of arms. The origin was the gratitude of Malcolm, who was escaping from the pursuit of Macbeth. Malcolm took refuge in the barn of Malcolm, son of Friskin, who concealed him

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by forking hay or straw over him. When Malcolm, the prince, came into his own, he made Malcolm, the farmer, the Thane of Cunninghame, and the coat of arms adopted was the shake fork, and the motto "over fork over." If it is possible some day I want to look up the Cunningham-Smith line.

Our great-grandfather Michael and our great-grandmother Margaret were a devoted and happy couple, and if the dear little grandmother died early she lived fully, as she bore fourteen children, Elizabeth Martha (our grandmother), John, Sarah Jane, Ann Cunningham, Margaret Reed, Albert Jefferson, William Henry, Asher Waterman, Magdalene, Caroline, Augustus, Michael Christian Alexander Menzies and Christian. I think Magdalene and Caroline died as infant children. The other twelve lived to be men and women of force and character. I did not know my grandmother, Elizabeth M. Garber Menzies, as she died before I was born, but many stories lingered in the family of her wit and spontaneous gaiety of nature. All of us have the picture of the girl, taken from the miniature in possession of another branch of the family. Now, before I leave the Garbers, let me bear witness to the extent of my knowledge. I knew personally my grandmother's two younger brothers, Michael Christian and Christian (Uncle Chris). M. C. Garber was one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, with a fine cultured mind, full of loving kindness withal strong convictions and a great desire to right the wrong. Uncle Chris was not handsome like his brother, always having too much flesh. He accumulated a nice fortune for his time and spent the rest of his life in helping his nephews and nieces. He was very unusual, for in spite of his kind heart he had a Puckish sense of humor that made him a great tease. Our cousin, M. C. Garber of Madison, Indiana, has compiled a Garber book much fuller than this. It has chapters on the various uncles and aunts, but I can do no more than this.

The Lewis Line

In "Smiles' History of the Huguenots" there occurs this information: "The Lewises were French Huguenots, who fled from France after The Edict of Nantes was revoked." This was in 1685, and three Lewis brothers, William, Samuel and John, settled in the north of England. William Lewis was married to a Miss McClelland and had a son, Andrew, who married Mary Calhoun. Now the evidence points to the fact that the Lewises were French Huguenots, but I think they must have left France long before 1685, as William was married to a Miss McClelland, and their son, Andrew, married Mary Calhoun, and their eldest son, John, was born in 1678. (The dates do not tally.) However, Andrew and Mary Calhoun's son, John, settled in Donegal, Ireland, and amassed a goodly fortune. He married Margaret Lynn of Loch Lynn. They lived in high esteem and were respected. Several children were born to them, Thomas in 1718, Andrew in 1720, William in 1722, Margaret in 1726, and Ann in 1728. About this time there arose a great trouble about the leasehold between John Lewis and the lord of the Shire. All the histories say John Lewis was right, and, at any rate, he spoke his mind freely and boldly. The lord and some of his associates, inflamed with drink and arrogance, surrounded John Lewis's home where the family sat peacefully one Sunday night and fired into the house and killed John Lewis's youngest brother, wounding Margaret. (She tells the tale so well in her diary, I'll not tell it again here.) John Lewis, arming his household, rushed out and slew the Irish lord and his unjust steward, and became a fugitive, going to Portugal, where his brother Samuel lived. He was not satisfied there, so he

The Lewis Line

sent for his family and came to the New World where all were to be free. He settled in what is now Augusta County, Virginia. Here he founded the town of Staunton, built himself a stone house that is called Bellefonte, and is still standing, and lived there until his eighty-fourth year, a good citizen in every way. His grave is marked with a plain marble slab inscribed as follows:

“Here lies the remains of
John Lewis
Who slew the Irish Lord
Settled Augusta County
Located the town of Staunton
And furnished five sons
To fight the battles of the American Revolution.
He was the son of Andrew Lewis Esq. and Mary Calhoun.
Was born in Donegal County, Ireland, in 1678
and died in Virginia February 1, 1762.”

He was a brave man, a true patriot, and a firm friend of liberty through the world. He was a man highly esteemed and you will find much about him in the histories of Augusta County, Virginia—Peyton's, Chalkley's, and many others. His son, Andrew, is our ancestor. Andrew Lewis was born in Donegal, Ireland, 1720, and died in Virginia in 1782. He came with his family to Augusta County, and was married to Elizabeth Givens of Augusta County.

The Valley Manuscript

published in

“The Land We Love”

Edited by General D. H. Hill

January, 1869

Charlotte, N. C.

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From a collection of archives known in our household by the above title, from which I have recently been making excerpts, I take the liberty of sending you the following:

The Common-Place Book of me Margaret Lewis, nee Lynn, of Lock Lynn, Scotland, being a nest for my soul's repose in the troublous time that hath befallen.

Here nothing burthening myself with style nor date, I can retreat when toil and turmoil of the day is past, speaking as unto a faithful ear some of my woman's sorrow. So shall I not add to their weight who have, Heaven knows, enough of woe to bear for themselves.

Bidding farewell to the bonny loch and knowes of Lynn, though along with the gallant Huguenot I had taken for my husband, caused surely a woman's grief to my heart, nay, something like a child's I might say. It was not for the bands of retainers, the powerful clans and castle splendor I had grown up withal surrounded, but I almost cried aloud for my mother, for good Dame Darley, our blessed English tutoress, and for old Elliott, my nurse. I thought the first night I came to my husband's mother's and was set up as a lady to receive court, I should blubber like a great child. This with remembrance that at that very hour my mother was taking her cup of comfort, as she called her tea, that the children were with her in their places, and that my chair, the one which was my sainted father's, sat empty.

I stood as long as endurance was good, then stole away to a more retired apartment. There they sought, and after a time found me, sleeping in a great chair, like an overgrown baby.

I did not like to give cause of offence, but I thought then, as I have often since, of the significance of the blessed

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Apostles sleeping for sorrow and heaviness of heart as the Master's time drew nigh.

Well, so be it,—Loch Lynn and its rock crowned summits and purple heather are all past by now, like as to when one goes on a journey and beareth away the memory only, impression of the landscape.

The craigs to be sure had in them nothing loving, but that they grew by home, and for the blue heather, the eyes of my two boys, Andrew and William and their sweet sister Alice, glad me more than acres of such. Poor Thomas, my oldest born, hath a defect in his sight, but for all this he looks into his mother's heart deep down enough, leaving there, which is better than the shade of blue heather—sunshine. He is a noble lad.

We have worse trouble come upon us now, I say, than that of a young wench leaving her mother's fireside. My poor John is sorely belabored in soul with the grievous malice of this same Lord of Clonmithgairn.

The contentious noble hath said to the good Dean of Ulster, a few nights ago, how that my husband's leasehold on the estates of Clonmithgairn and Dundery should be revoked at next assizes, or (and he took a vile oath) blood should be spilt between the contenders.

My husband has amassed much means, but he does not choose, (as what man of spirit would?) to be driven to and fro in the matter of his rightful possession.

So I play with my children, and for John I have words cheery and careless-like, but faithful Nora, she sees it is not in my heart. She essays compassionate sentences and looks, for me, and I tell her many troubles, yet it is a foe to order and household authority when the heads thereof use to confiding greatly in even the best of servants. Now, when a woman's tongue must not much wag, some corresponding member must take its place, here, then, comes in this book of mine which at one time served John Lewis for his tenantry accounts.

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In this year of Grace 1730, what things are come to pass.

Blessed Christ, pardon the souls of such wicked-minded men as on the last Lord's Day would so rush to arms and blood, making havoc and murder, and sacrifice to evil passion.

I can no more, now, take this my book, my companion, to the nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmell Castle. Drawing there the crimson dark curtains, shutting out the world and my noisy little ones, I liked that retirement where I could read, or pray, or talk to myself in writing. My home lies in ashes, but, far worse, ashes lie on my heart, too.

My best beloved John is a fugitive from the law, and for me, I can not say why my poor sight was not blasted by what it four days since beheld.

My husband had his family around him, as is the custom when we go not to the evening service, (indeed our Chaplain was at home sick in bed) expounding for the soul's health of children and servants, texts of Holy Scripture.

Edward, poor man, begged the reading should go on in the round tower room where he lay. Months he had been ailing, yet being somewhat on the mend, then, he had come with his wife and infants to his brother's house.

Strange to say, as the passage, "are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves?" passed John's lips, a rude shouting was heard without.

On looking to the direction of the noise, we perceived the drunken Lord of Clonmithgairn leading an armed force of ruffian clans. This to eject John Lewis from his rightful domains. The envious heart could not bear the sight of his neighbor's prosperity.

Dark was the shadow upon Clonmell that evening. My husband armed himself like a man; rallied our domestics around him, and even poor, puny Edward girt on his arms right speedily. Poor soul, he had as well as not—may be

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better, for he was the first victim of their ferocious raid. Ere he had come three steps, one of the marauders cried out, "Where will that white pigeon be going?" then shot him through the head.

He fell, stark dead.

Then John looked like an enraged tiger, surely. He wielded right and left, when lo, first the obnoxious noble, then his favorite steward were dispatched. Finally our men succeeded in driving off the interlopers, but some of our best were slain. More than this, a very great sorrow which we had not looked for, greeted us as the invaders dispersed, in the slain and trampled body of little Eubank, Edward's eldest son. He was only eight years old. How he came among them we could not tell. His green tunic was stained with blood and tramping feet, and his white, marble face looked like a sculptured cherub, but on these nor the portly, prostrate form of his father must we stay to anger our eyes. Clonmithgairn was a man of power and weight, and we must hurry away from the scene of that brief, bloody battle.

I and my little ones abide here (Dunraven) with good friends, while he, my best-beloved of all, roameth I don't know where. Servants have buried our dead long before this time, while I sit weeping tears from different fountains. Of bitterest affliction for John, dear man,—of gloom enough for Edward's double bereft widow, and the two kin couples, darkening the memory of our once house and home; tears of thankfulness that he, my life was spared,—and my sweet Christ forgive me, tears of joy that the persecutor, the mover of this Devil's work, fell in his evil undertaking.

Last night about sunset, Lady Clara sang to her kitar a low, sweet song,—this upon the south balcony. My soul seemed to leave the body as I listened, as though something strange should come to pass to me or mine.

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By and by she sudden stopped, and I recalled myself. A white kerchief was waved slowly against the dusky park wood. News from my husband, this was to be his signal.

Lady Clara and I started off in the direction whence the sign had come, but John, poor soul, had hidden himself then, lest the sounds he heard might be other than friendly steps. I thought presently to speak aloud, though my heart was up in my mouth, so he knew the voice and came to the edge of the wood again. We three sat talking as long as we dared, and now I know my destiny and he is gone. He has been to Portugal, so he tells, but likes it not much for a living. The Virginia Wilds hold out a safe asylum for our oppressed house, and thither we sail at once. The changed life we lead there is nothing to think of; safety from injustice, if we shall find it, covers all the ground.

So far seeing the way clear, the prospect darkens now with doubt and fear lest some unknown evil overtake and intercept or prevent our voyage.

That God is better than our fears is truly said. I look up at the top of my page and see what I last wrote there, in the dear land I shall never see again, and I say—Evil Heard—why can not we trust more?

Not only are we safe come hither, but John Lewis standeth clear before all the world of the death of Charles of Clonmithgairn.

My Lord Finnegal hath shown himself a good friend, and one worthy to be entrusted with the concerns of any proper man.

When the right circumstances of the affray were made known according to the written statement of my husband placed in his hands, witnesses whereto were at the last found and proved. His Majesty sent full and free pardon of land in this Eden Valley of Virginia.

John Mackey, who has come all this way with us, gives good aid in erecting of our house, which I have some im-

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patience to see done. This log cabin may do in times of peace, but should these savages change their policy of amity and good-will, it will evil be if we have not wherewithal to meet them.

It has been enough for me ever since, to hear John Salling tell at Williamsburg, when first we came to this country, how these people did ferociously entreat such as fell into their hands. John Lewis was more taken with the newly-freed captive's account of the land in this part, the beauty and abundance of which has not yet been told, to say true.

The broad prairie before our door at the front looks like miles and miles of gaudy carpeting, with its verdure and flowers.

Our cow, Snow Drop, as the children call her, is fastened each day on the meadow border by a tether many a fathom long. They drive her in when required for the use of little Charlie,—our new world baby—and her white feet are continually dyed red with wild strawberries.

The new settlement begins to look quite lively now, with the gardens around the cabins, the patches of grain and all. About thirty of our tenantry have clung to us through evil and through good report, and these are, for the most part, able and efficient work-people. Joe Naseby hath a neat rail to his garden ground, and some sort of ornament structure on top of his house to entice the wild pigeons,—a cupola like.

When our gray stone dwelling is done I shall feel something like ornamentation, it may be, and for my children's sake, and especially Alice, I shall like to make things look enticing. I think people get beauty of soul with growing up with pretty things, particularly girls, but all, indeed, should have their home beautiful so they may love to stay in it or come to it as the case may be. The Holy Pascal said not much of any more worth than these words: "Most of the

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evil of this world grows out of people's discontent to stay at home."—That is true. Now how shall they love home if home is not made lovely? Here then we have the key to our family's destiny.

I will not wait for the new house for this. I will take Andrew, William and Alice,—Thomas has gone a hunting with his father and John Mackey,—and plant, this day, some of the prairie roses to run beside our door and on the roof.

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* * * * *

Oroon-ah came by while the children and I set the plants by our cottage. He shook his head, "Wrong," he said, "the Great Spirit put the herbs where He want 'um:" and when Alice brought him a bowl of clabber he turned away in great disgust, the while uttering—"Rotten, no good."

The child gets used to him and the other Indians better than ever I shall. She has many friends among them, as have the boys, too, and they call her a sweet name—"White Dove," but for all that they give me the same feeling as did those painted Mountebanks of the Christmas festivities at Darley. I always am startled when one of them appears before me.

John Mackey is like many others. He is good in giving help to any one outside of home. I think, on the contrary, all good offices should begin and spend their best strength there.

John Lewis prospered with his clearing, his crops and his building, and John Mackey helps him or anybody who will hunt with him now and then, but he lays up nothing for himself, and his household might gather many comforts around, if he would act different.

My husband hath located one hundred thousand acres of good land, but when he goes out to explore and choose what is rich and the best, poor Mackey will go along to hunt buffalo.

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John said to me Thursday, "Peg" (He always calls me Peg after dinner, yet I should say that he gets his bowl of toddy for dinner, a more sober man is not in the Old Dominion),—said he—"Mackey has laid up not a penny since he came to the settlement."

Indeed I was very sure that he had not. Well, if he lives at this gait, I suppose the Indian heaven will be good enough for him hereafter, broad hunting grounds and plenty of deer and buffalo.

Our town of Staunton goes finely on, thanks to John Lewis' enterprise and energy. It shall descend to his posterity that he has builded the first town in the valley. It is about four miles from our place of Beverly Masson here, which some call Lewis' Fort.

Un-gee-wah-wah and his tribe, we find, are not friendly to us, but still, if they make further demonstration, (they captured three of our men yesterday, who made them drunk and then got away,) we shall be able to hold our own against them.

Our fort is formed of blockhouses, stockades, and the cabins. The outside walls are ten to twenty feet high. The blockhouses are built at the angles of the fort and project full two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades.

The upper stories of our houses are eighteen inches larger in dimension, every way, than the story below, an opening being left at the commencement of the second story to prevent any lodgement of the enemy under the walls. We have port holes in all and the savages having no artillery, we should stand our ground if they offered assault.

Oroon-ah, or Tiger King's son, a lad of sixteen, has crowned my Alice with a prairie rose wreath—Queen of White Doves, he calls her, and has given her a fawn which has become domestic now.

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I did not like to hear Thomas say last night,—he is older than Omayah,—“Suppose sister Alice should grow up and marry Omayah.” Youth is romantic and thinks strange thoughts. I hope she may have none such. Then I set me to thinking—the child is fourteen years old in May, and that’s just two years younger than I was when I became a married woman. The reflection gave me pain, but I think of it more. There is nothing gained by shunning the fixed truth, whatever it be. Look God’s fact in the face, whether agreeable or not. It is like going up to a white object in the haunting dark, taking hold of it and proving it no ghost.

Last Spring, and this 1757 now, John Lewis, visiting the seat of Government, Williamsburg, met there with one Burden, but lately come over as agent for Lord Thomas Fairfax. John was so pleased with his company and he with the account of this fertile land, that he must needs come back with him and explore and hunt. This was a gala time for John Mackey, but Burden was a more provident hunter than he.

My sons took, in the chase, a young buffalo calf, which the stranger much affected and it was given to him. This was toward the end of his stay, for he made a pleasant inmate of our home some several months. He took the rude animal and made it a present to the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who never having seen so comical a monster in Lower Virginia, did promptly favor the donor by entering upon his official book full authority to Benjamin Burden for location 500,000 acres of land nigh to the James River and Shenandoah waters; this on condition that he should, within ten years, settle, at the least, one hundred families within the limits.

The Presbyterians of North Ireland, Scotland and adjacent portions of England do abide at home uneasily, and they will come freely to Burden’s bidding, for the peopling of this new settlement.

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While our friends in Lower Virginia much carouse and keep up the customs of the old country, we beyond the mountains are, for the most part, a sober set. So much the more does our departure from our usual way of doing make a great event among us.

John Salling, one of the first explorers of this region, hath his land about fifty miles off, down in the forks of the James. A young nephew living with him has seen and admired and made proposals of marriage to Joe Naseby's granddaughter. The girl has sometimes said him nay, saying it is poor comfort one will find in a hunter's home,—so playing on the word, for her name is Comfort,—but he is a well looking lad enough, so turning his perseverance to some account in his favor, they have been married.

Thomas Salling brought many attendants to his wedding, all riding bare-backed and clad in raw hide. I laughed to see the nuptial procession approach, and said to my husband and our Chaplain, the riders seemed to my eyes something as did the Spanish equestrians to the unsophisticated Mexicans,—as man and horse formed all one animal.

It is a rare thing, indeed, in any of the section if there be a merry-making without its attendant work. Weddings form nearly the only exception. Sometimes the settlers come together to make arrangements for mutual safety against the Indians, for we have had our own troubles with them from time to time. Sometimes for reaping, building a cabin, and so on, when they will have a repast of bear's meat, buffalo steak or venison, topping off with a dance and games.

On this wedding occasion, it was an odd array of toilettes. Lindsey and brocade mingled grotesquely. Some old world relics placed beside the ornaments newly picked up here, produced a mingled effect of savage life and civilization, struggling one with another.

I had given to Comfort, who is a much smaller woman than I, the yellow brocade I wore the day the surveyors

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located the town, which was for me an unlucky day. No sooner had we set to dinner than Mr. Parks, who was one of them, growing animated in his talk, made a gesture which overset the gravy-boat upon my lap. I laughed it off right well, though my heart was ill at ease with thinking that I had no French chalk to remove the soil, but then a woman early learns such lessons of self command. I forgive Mr. Parks, heartily, and do not even wish, while he gives me such a racy paper, (*Virginia Gazette*, first published by William Parks at Williamsburg, August 6, 1734) that any one may so misplace his ink as to soil his hose or breeches. I hope the men will be going down in a few weeks, and fetch another (paper).

* * * * *

It is the common practice now to make whiskey, an intoxicating drink, from the Indian corn, and a part of the wedding entertainment is a race for a bottle of this stuff. When the guests are approaching the house of the bride, two of the young men most intrepid in horsemanship, are singled out to run for the bottle. The victor in the race is met at the door by some member of the family who confers the prize. He hurries back to the cavalcade who are halting about a mile off, and gives first to the bridegroom then to the other company a dram, then after forming again they ride on to the destined place. Our steeple chases are no more trials of fearlessness and good riding than these bottle-races, seeing the competitors do come through mud, mire, woods, brush and over hill and dale.

Great mirth prevailed at Joe Naseby's. Though the wedding table was only a rude board,—this was spread with pewter and Queensware, and covered with a substantial repast of meat and vegetables and fowls and bread. The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, and there was little more ceremony of any kind.

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I wished to take leave at dinner and bring Alice away (I do not like her to join in these vulgar sports), but she begged, and her father said better wait and see the end, and I felt some curiosity myself to know what rare thing would at last befall. These new world manners are making queer innovations among our people.

At dark I knew that I was wanted here, so Alice agreed to come, though Thomas stayed dancing, and John Lewis went back after conveying us home. He tells me that shortly after he returned, a deputation of young girls stole the bride off and conducted her to her bed up in the loft. By and by some young men took away the bridegroom and safely deposited him there also, and late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef and cabbage and such like things were sent up to them; and along with all this—Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey.

By this time, Burden's settlement is fast filling up, there being some of the Established Church among them, but mostly our neighbors are Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It soundeth like the gathering of the clans to call over the M'Kees, M'Cues, M'Campbells, M'Clungs, M'Kowns, Carutherses, Stewarts, Wallaces and Lyles—, together with the Browns, Prestons, Paxtons and Grigsbys with them associated.

I am led to think of them the more now by an incident which occurred here the last night. About sundown a traveler, in hot haste, tricked out in the rough costume of the country, rode up and asked lodging. This was readily granted, together with such entertainment as we had at hand. He was an ungainly looking person, though setting his horse well.

An hour afterward other horsemen came clattering up and rushed afoul of this first stranger, who happened then to be without doors looking after his horse, for there was quite a good light from the moon.

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I heard from my seat by the fireside hilarious voices, and the words "Confess," "Confess," echoed in a roughly jocose way, "We have been seeking you some days." I then heard and knew not what to think, but this story which the persuers told as they came into the house, and to which the culprit did good-naturedly attest,—with somewhat of shame, too, explained all.

When Ben Burden, the younger, came to make deeds to such of the settlers as held cabin rights, the name of Mulhollin so often did appear as to be a matter of wonder to him. He set about making inquiry, and so found that Mulhollin had been a person most efficient in deeds of enterprise among them. So far as it was well. Inquiry was now made for one Polly Mulhollin, who, to pay her passage from Ireland, had sold herself to James Bell, who advanced the money for her. She served his family in all honesty, the time out, then disappeared.

Now it turns out that this same Polly Mulhollin did put on man's gear, hunting shirt, moccasins, etc., and go into Burden's grant for the purpose of becoming a landed proprietor, and erected thirty cabins. The thing hath caused much merriment wherever known. Polly, with some chagrin and much meekness, hath gotten on woman's attire, borrowed from some one in the settlement, and will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits.

Our neighbors in the valley are people of most staid principles and habits and are very diligent in business. They commence their Sabbath on Saturday when the sun goes down, while I think it not a shame to have a hot turkey for my Sunday dinner.

Craig's wife was here a Sunday. One of my children came to inquire if she could aid in any way. She is a good soul, yet like many other good people, hath charity too narrow to believe but that religion is confined to the poor and obscure; to such as herself, in other words. A handsome book of Common Prayer lay on the child's bed. I had been

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reading. The book was presented by our Governor Gooch, who was my father's friend, and it was handsomely claspt about with golden clasps. She sneered, saying, "The thought of Governor Gooch's giving a present of a Prayer-book." This because he lives in what seems to her much gayety and splendor, which many who condemn, like her, would do if they could, but as they have to practice self-denial of compulsion, they think it is accorded to them for piety.

For my part, I hesitate not in affirming I have seen as much sheer vanity go along with a grogram suit as ever with ermine and velvet, and more indeed of that spirit which says, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou."

Like worm in the bud, so doth human nature early develop its unlovely aspects. To-day I bethought to go to our chamber west window and shut in the shutter, for the sun was putting the fire out. I heard our two boys, Charles and his brother Thomas' little son, Edward, discoursing beyond:

"I gave you my possum for your pile of plums,"—(this fruit takes to the soil and grows abundantly since first planted) "and now you should give me Job" (so they call him) "back again."

"Why so?" Charles asked, who is always reasonable, and I am glad to say fine, conscientious about taking any undue advantages.

"Because now I have nothing," the little rogue remarks, "neither possum nor plums."

"Yes," Edward follows up, "then you had my possum, but now that I have nothing of yours, you must have nothing of mine, that is fair," he added.

Charles could not well see through the argumentation, but he will not contend with the little one, and so gave up Job.

I had two minds, then, one to inflict a grievous correction on the baby he should not soon forget, but I thought next, Satan comes to him by rightful heritage from his

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grandmother, and I let it pass, then resolve to watch my opportunity and bring the matter before them some day, telling his mother of the same.

There have been distractions to draw me yet awhile therefrom. —The father of Omayah has sought the father of White Dove, as he calls our sweet Alice, for his son's wife. He says that the Tiger King's oldest-born pines to hear her voice cooing among the wild pines about his cabin. It made me tremble almost as though I thought John Lewis could be persuaded thereto, and give away my tenderly reared lamb. He wished to treat it as a joke, though, and seated Alice at the spinnette, whereupon I have taught her to play with some skill. "That," said he, "is all white women are good for, you don't want them,—bah."

"Fingers fast, fingers jump quick," said Tiger King,—
"gut fish."

My husband still joked with him which was, perhaps, the better policy, but Oroon-ah retired discomfited, I could see.

Thomas is a man of books, albeit his sight is defective, and he makes out but poorly at hunting. His brothers are stalwart hands, though, in all matters of strength, as in deed he is too, but they have sleight of hunting, fishing, and all employments common in the country, which he, for his infirmity, had noth.

Heavenly Father, give us strength to bear what hath come upon us now.

Last Monday was a holiday, and many of the young folk and their elders did take a repast in their baskets, and go up to see the Tower Rocks, as we call them, a few miles off. I, being a stay at home body, remained with my domestic occupations, while John Lewis did take Alice, her elder brother also going along, to join in the frolic.

Omayah was there, sad and silent, and brooding as he hath been of late. He has much attached himself to our race, as seemed his father indeed also to do.

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The men and maidens were strolling about, and my daughter went with the young Indian across a branch of a little stream, Lewis River, to gather Good-Luck plant, as we call it, but wo betide the luck to us and her, poor dear lost one. No doubt it was a preconcerted signal, but as the last rock stepping-stone was passed, a savage yell broke forth, a band of red men sprang from the pine woods, and they and Alice and Omayah disappeared in its thickness. Our men fired and ran, but the tangle and bush, and the deep forests, which they will never learn like Indians, all combine to make the persuit passing difficult.

The females of the party returned home under escort of some of the men, for there was terror stricken to the hearts of all by what had befallen, and my child's father and brothers, frantic with rage and distress, dashed off after the artful enemy.

At nightfall, John Lewis came home alone, for he feared to leave me longer, seeing what news the returning party had brought me. I had never showed such grief before him till then,—no, not when we made that little grave on the prairie and piled the white rocks upon it. I was striding the floor as he suprised me, wringing my hands, and—may heaven forgive me, almost reproaching the Most High that He had mocked me so to hear my prayer and raise her up from that dreadful fever, when she lay, a little one, tossing in my arms,—getting ready for flight, I thought.

He soothed me, poor man, well as he could, his own heart was nigh bursting, and the morning scarce dawned ere he set off again with more of the men to overtake the marauders. Alice's brothers have never yet, all these four days, nor the men that were with them, turned to come home.

I cannot work,—save what duty absolutely demands. I cannot talk, only here may I ooze out the suppressed stream of my sorrow; carefully indeed, lest it take possession of me.

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I had thought Omayah above the cunning artifices of his subtle race, but they may not be trusted, as individuals or in the mass, and all my instinctive dread of them in the beginning was but a forerunner of what I was destined to suffer at their hands. O, my Alice, White Dove indeed, in a vulture's nest.

* * * * *

There is a terrible warfare going on between our settlers and the faithless Indians. What of my gentle child I cannot tell.

Last night our fort was assailed for the second time since this dreadful business broke out, but there was little damage done, for they have no artillery. John Lewis and his boys are still away on the search, but those left at the fort managed manfully. I could feel no fear, and the wild war cries waked no terror, for one strong feeling keepeth another at bay, and I was already possessed with dread and anguish.

Toward day, long after the savages dispursed, our men still having one eye open for them, did see, creeping on all-fours, from the wood and toward the settlement, (nay, indeed, close by my house, when it had been permitted to come so far, then Joshua Grant fired on it), what seemed to be a stout Indian, all painted and bedizened in full war array. The creature groaned and fell, dropping its bow and arrow on the ground. There all lay till some one should run up,—William Stuart first, and the victim turns out to be Greenlee's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is to say, a witch. She rideth all over the country alone, at will, and talks strangely at times. Months she has been missing from Burden's grant where her brother lives, and no one could tell aught of her. She has been a captive, she says. —Indeed she will be more angel in my sight than flesh and blood, if she talks not idly in the news she bears me. She can bring

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Alice if I but give her a swift horse. Her wound was not deep, though some painful. I could not entreat her to stay for its better healing, but, dressed it tenderly as I could and gave her our best animal and prayed her speed.

I can see Nora thinks the pony has gone for no profit. The woman does, to be sure, talk wildly of the palace under the earth where she has hidden White Dove. She knows something of her, giving proof that far in calling her by her Indian-bestowed name. That gives me hope, while I ponder again upon her disconnected harangue of silver palace walls and pearly floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells, where she holds communion with the dead, and their voices answer her. Her language is very good, and she commences her talk with so rational and plausible an air, that you find yourself listening most intently, and rapt, indeed, then she becomes so excited that mind and tongue run riot together, and a brain of only healthy velocity cannot keep up.

I can write no more.

* * * * *

There promises to be little peace between us and these savages ever again, scarce a day now passes but chronicles some new depredation. Still they do us the justice to acknowledge the red man was the aggressor. The Great Spirit, they say, is on the side of the white man, and indeed our mode of warfare hath been destructive enough.

My husband has imported the pink clover into the country, but they will have it as their wild white clover, which Lewis and his men have dyed red with the blood of the Indian.

My poor Alice looks infant-like and innocent with her bald head.

A threatening fever followed the excitement and terror of her stealing away by the savages, and her roses in her cheeks are scarce recovered yet.

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Mary Greenlee was good to her word in bringing the lost baby to us, and for Alice, she told the strangest tale, the which, did I not have proof better, might almost make me think the child mad as Mary Greenlee. This latter was with the Indians in their assault the night before her discovery of herself to us. They had truly taken her captive, and she, the more readily to pave the way to escape when time should offer, feigned dislike of the whites, and that she had run to them of her own will. She painted her skin like them and dressed like them, but the very night they brought White Dove home a captive, her heart was stirred for her race.—She watched her opportunity, seized her pony they had captured with her, and taking the fear distraught child behind her, set out at speed of the wind, so Alice tells, and so deftly did she manage that they were not persued,—to be conscious of persuit.

The witch, as some call her, betook her rescued prisoner and herself to a strange great cavern somewhere, which none have since been enabled to find trace of, then let the pony go, so the red men might follow its tracks, nor halt at her retreat, which, indeed, it is a question if it is known to them.

I tell Alice that she has become daft, what with her capture and reading of the Arabian Knights, for she talks of the grand marble palace, under ground, of its interminable galleries, its statues and its fountains, and withal of stars and moon peering through its roof. Now every one knows no human head would contrive anything so silly as a princely hall of this gait with any of its roof open to the sky. It must be a weird edifice, truly, and worthy the keeper who feedeth herself and chance guests on dried haws and chin-quapins. But none of the Lewis name can, forevermore, carp at Mary Greenlee, what she does. Blessed creature, I would walk on hands and knees to serve her, to the latest day of my life.

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That day of the last siege of our fort, while Alice was lost, as she did demonstrate to us afterward, she showed more wit to give us tidings of our stolen one, than we to make good use thereof. She had shot over the wall, fastened to her arrow, the words, scratched in berry-juice upon a piece of white rag,—“The White Dove is safe.” She sought for and found the same afterward.—How this strange being fell in with the savages again, after liberating herself, it hath been her freak not to tell, but she comes and goes like a spirit, and some do say, indeed, they are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition.

My sons do get great praise for their bravery in combating the common enemy. Such we must regard them. They have been a long time coming to this, and the pretended affront of refusing intermarriage with them was only a pretext for what they had long ago considered.

Omayah came with downcast looks to visit us again, after the carrying away and restoration of Alice. He protests and we are inclined to believe, truly, he had nothing to do with the treachery thereof. He, too, was surprised, he says. He adds, that he saw Mary Greenlee’s contrivance for getting the White Dove away and kept his mouth bank up (shut tight). She bears him out in this, but we can not tell from her evidence. At any rate, I am willing and glad to think the boy was not at fault. He has been the play-fellow of my sons so long I can but feel attached to him. Tiger King professes great penitence, but in him I have less faith. In the old I look for more stability, in the young I look for more truth. This for red men and white men. Omayah comes rarely.

The Rev. Morgan Morgan, who has been chiefly instrumental in erecting the first Church in this Virginia Valley, takes much interest in civilizing and Christianizing the savage race, and his labors among them have been not altogether discouraged. Indeed if he might but win one to the

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Light of the Bible it would be great gain, yet I cannot be disabused of my thought that it is an uphill work, and that a preacher may always be prepared for an ambush, even where he thinks he has gained both ear and heart.

Charles, my new world child, as I call him, being the first born here, is a daring spirit. The boy lives in the chase and in war. Among the Alleghanies he was captured sometime since by a party of Indians, who took the child on, barefoot, some two hundred or more of miles, his poor arms girded behind him and he driven on by threats and brandishing of knives of his vile tormentors.

Traveling along a bank some twenty feet high, Charles suddenly and by intense muscular force snapped the cords by which he was bound, dashed himself down the precipice into the bed of a mountain-torrent below, and thus effected his escape. Not but that they followed him fast enough, yet he had some little advantage of them, so, leaping the trunk of a tree which chanced to lay prostrate in the way, a sudden failing of strength did come over him and he sank in the weeds and tall grass which surrounded it. His persuers bounded over, sundry of them almost touching him as they sprang, but God be thanked, they did not slacken speed and hurried on still seeking him.

As soon as he deemed it safe he essayed to rise from his grassy bed, but here was a new adversary to cope withal,—a huge rattlesnake, lying in deadly coil, so near his face he even must hold his breath, lest the bare movement caused by inspiration bring the monster's fange and his own nose (of which he hath a goodly allowance) in fatal contact. Once, indeed, as he waved to and fro, his huge rattle rested upon Charles' ear. Let him but wink, let him but move one muscle and lo, the terrible thing would be upon him. He lay thus in painful movelessness many minutes, when the beast, supposing him dead, crawled over the lad's body and went his way. It is a noble characteristic

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that they will not attack that which hath not life and power to get away.

I wonder if it be not a token of my death that to-day, wiping my spectacles and putting them on, I have taken up this book after so long laying of it aside.

I feel like a traveler whose way has lain by a devious and up-hill road, and now in some peaceful sweet day, when there are no clouds in the sky, turns to survey the way he has come, before entering into his rest and closing the doors about him.

I see my children here and there settled around me,—sons and my daughter. Dear Andrew, who is known as General Lewis, still follows the fortunes of his great chief, Washington. Thomas is in the honorable house of Burgesses, my Alice bears her matronly honors well, and sometimes tells her eldest child how the dying Indian boy, Omayah, Christianized at the last, did wildly crave the wings of the White Dove to bear him up to the home of the Great Spirit.

There is a grave by the Great Kanawha's side which tells where Charles Lewis, my blue-eyed American child, fell bravely fighting, honored and beloved, in the fierce affray at Point Pleasant.—God rest him, the gentle at home are the bravest in war, ever. A little hillock on the prairie with its white mound of stones is not overlooked, though an insignificant object in the landscape to any but mother-eyes.

William is confined by sickness, so we hear to-day, also that his wife, noble woman, has sent off her last three sons, the youngest thirteen, to repel the British at Rockfish Gap. "Go, my children," this Roman mother said, "I spare not even my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years. I devote you all to my country. Keep back the invader's foot from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more."

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(When this circumstance was related to Washington, his face lighting with enthusiasm, he exclaimed,—“Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free.”)

Men with such mothers are the men to form a nation. But the wrangle of wars and the rumors of wars sound faint to me now, and I say to the one who standeth hand in hand with me on this height, who hath been a helpmeet every step of the way,—only a little longer, John Lewis, and the Lord of the mountain will open unto us and we enter His doors together.

General Andrew Lewis

Andrew Lewis was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1720, and died in Virginia in 1782. He came with his father to Augusta County, Virginia, and married Elizabeth Givens. Andrew was over "six feet of uncommon activity and a form of exact symmetry." He lived on the Roanoke in Botetourt County. He took an active part in all the Indian Wars. In 1754 he was twice wounded, once in the battle of Fort Necessity, once at Great Meadows under General Washington, by whom he was made Major of his regiment. During the French and Indian wars Major Lewis commanded Sandy Creek Expedition. In 17—— he was at Braddock's, was made prisoner at Grant's defeat, where he exhibited singular prudence and bravery.

In 1774 he was a member of the Assembly, and when Patrick Henry's celebrated resolutions was passed a committee was appointed to prepare a plan of defense. This committee consisted of Patrick Henry, R. H. Lee, Ben Harrison, George Washington, Edmund Pendleton, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Lewis, and others.

Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, appointed Andrew Lewis to the command of the Southern Division of Forces raised in Botetourt, Augusta, and adjoining counties of the Blue Ridge.

In the war with Cornstalk and Logan, General Lewis was in command, and at the battle of Point Pleasant where Cornstalk was finally defeated, he was wounded, and his youngest brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, was killed. On the monument at Point Pleasant is a very handsome statue of General Lewis.

General Andrew Lewis

In 1768 he was one of Virginia's Commissioners at the Treaty of Ft. Stanwix, New York. The Governor of New York remarked, "The earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked."

On Page 333 of "Washington and His Generals," is an interesting account of General Lewis (if my family wish more detail of the life of General Lewis, the early histories of the United States, especially Virginia, have much to say about him). Andrew and Elizabeth Lewis left six children, John, Thomas, Samuel, Andrew, Anne and William.

John Lewis was a soldier also, fought under his father, was taken prisoner at Grant's defeat, and was carried to France. He was finally released, went to England, and obtained a commission in the Queen's Guard, where the young Colonial was a favorite and flourished under the nickname of Beauty Lewis. He came back to Virginia and married Martha (Patsy) Love. They lived on a plantation in Virginia. John Lewis was murdered by slaves, who were discontented. They were Miss Patsy's slaves and thought if they killed the master, Miss Patsy would take them back to Alexandria. He left four children, Andrew, Samuel, Charles and Elizabeth. I append a copy of John Lewis's will.

Samuel, the second son, came into Kentucky. There was no mention why, but his grandfather, Andrew, left him a great deal of land down in the Colony of Kentucky. I think that it is probable he came down to see about his land, and saw and married Esther Whitley. The marriage license is recorded. They were married February 13, 1805. I haven't any doubt that much interesting data could be picked up in the Versailles, Stanford, and Crab Orchard records. Colonel Lewis was said to be a handsome man and a bit of a dandy, particularly about his shoe buckles.

Colonel Lewis and Esther Whitley Lewis left six children, Anne Madison Lewis, born July 23, 1807, Levisa

General Andrew Lewis

Whitley Lewis, born March 1, 18—, John Marshall Lewis, Jane E. Lewis, Nancy O. Lewis, Mary W. Lewis.

Anne Madison Lewis was our grandmother. She was married to Richard Masterson Peniston July 2, 1829. Of the Peniston family I know very little. Grandfather Richard was the son of Thomas Peniston and Sally Shore Masterson, who were married December 14, 1804. Thomas Peniston was a young pioneer who came to Kentucky.

The Will of General Andrew Lewis

In the name of God, Amen, I, Andrew Lewis of the County and Parish of Botetourt, make this my last will and testament. I resign my soul to its Creator in all humble hopes of its future as in being at the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my body I leave it to be buried at the discretion of my executors hereinafter named, and to my worldly estate I dispose of it in the following manner and form.

First—I give to my beloved wife two negro men and two negro women for her lifetime, with the right to work one-third of the farm I live on called and known as Birchfield, and such part of the livestock not exceeding the sixth part as she may find it necessary for her support for life.

To my son John I give the tract of land on both sides of Greenbrier River at the mouth of Ewing's Creek, containing 480 acres, also 1000 acres on Sinking Creek in the Kentucky County, part of my 5000 acre tract, and he may take a 1000 acres in a body at either end of this tract as may please him.

I give to my son Samuel all my lands near Staunton in Augusta County, there being three distinct tracts, to wit—the Stone house containing 740 acres and a tract adjoining the lower end thereof on which I lived, containing 680 acres, and the third joining the S. E. side of the above two tracts containing 185 acres deeded me by Robt. Beverly. Also a tract of land in Greenbrier Co. on the sink hole end containing 1200 acres. I also give him my gold watch.

To my son Thomas I give the tract of land joining the upper end of the tract I live on, known by the name of Burke's or Old Place containing 283 acres and on the north side of the Roanoke River. Also a tract of land on the north side of Greenbrier River, near Weaver's Nob, and known by the name of Richland, containing 170 acres. Also a tract in Greenbrier County on which

General Andrew Lewis

John Cook lives containing 500 acres and known by the name of Falling Spring tract. Also a tract containing 200 acres joining the S. W. end of the Warm Springs tract and on both sides of the Warm Spring branch.

To my son Andrew I give the following tracts of land to-wit—the Mill tract on which he lives containing 269 acres, formerly Thos. Tash's. Also a tract of land joining the lower end of the above containing 100 acres known by Burk's Spring, also two tracts adjoining S. E. side of Greenbrier first containing 116 acres, the other 63 acres, also a tract of land in Greenbrier County on the south side of Greenbrier River, opposite the mouth of Muddy Creek, containing 780 acres. Also a tract of land in the same County on the branches of Indian Creek, known by the name of Fork Survey containing 4000 acres.

To my son William I give the following tracts of land to wit—The tract on which I live called Birchfield containing 112 acres, and a tract joining the north side thereof containing 625 acres, also the Red Spring meadow tract, containing 800 acres or thereabouts. Also a tract containing 400 acres on the head of Bark Creek, a branch of Dunlap Creek, about five miles from Sweet Spring.

To my daughter Ann I give to be sold for her use the following tracts of land to wit—250 acres on Wolf Creek, a branch of the Roanoke, and on the north side of the river a tract of land on the head branches of Peters Creek, containing 190 acres. Also a tract of land adjoining the southeast containing thereof 100 or 106 acres patented in the name of Robt. Burkenridge, and by his will Col. Preston is to make me a title, also my part of the land conveyed in partnership between Burkenridge, Preston, and myself, and patented as the last mentioned tract, and the title much in the same measure by Col. Preston to the lands lying between Peter Evans and Tinker's Creek. Also 280 acres between the Warm and Hot Springs on which Jere Edwards lives. Also all my rights held by my brother Thomas and myself in two small surveys containing the Hot Springs. Also a tract of land on the Hot Springs branch called Cedar Run, and joining the end of Thos. Fitzpatrick, containing 175 acres.

To my three grandsons, Andrew, Samuel, and Charles, sons of John Lewis, my part of Pocotalico tract of land which part I think is 2000 acres, and whole patented in the name of John Fry, Adam Stephens, Andrew Lewis, Peter Hogg, John Savage, Thos. Butler Wright, Jno. Daniel Wilper.

All the residue of my lands to-wit—1000 acres, part of 2000 acres on Sinking Creek in Kentucky County, and the 3000 tract on Elk-

General Andrew Lewis

horn, 9000 acres in Forks of the Rivers Ohio and the Great Kanawha, and 100 acres on Rockcastle Creek near the 9000, together 750 acres entered by warrants on the Cole River and the Kanawha, to be equally divided between my sons Thomas, Andrew, and William.

Any money, negroes, stock I may die possessed of after my wife has set apart what is devised her and even that part after her decease and after my daughter has made choice of a negro wench or girl and man to be equally divided between my sons Samuel, Thomas, and Andrew, and my daughter Ann.

My wearing apparel I give to my son Andrew, and after Sam. Thomas and Ann has each taken a bed and furniture, all the remainder of the house and kitchen furniture to be considered the property of William. His mother having right to retain the use of such of them as may be absolutely necessary whilst she lives.

If any of my sons or my daughter die before her or without lawful issue the part of the estate willed to them to be equally divided between the survivors above mentioned.

It is my desire that my brother Thomas, Col. Wm. Preston, and my three sons Samuel, Thomas, and Andrew, and I hereby appoint them, executors of this my last will and testament, and that each of the executors with my brother William and sister Margaret, as well as my other children wear a mourning ring to be purchased at the expense of the estate before division.

I hereby revoke all former wills by me made, ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last will and testament.

And in witness whereof I set my hand and affixed my seal this 23rd Jany. 1780.

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the testator, Andrew Lewis.

James Neily }
William Armstrong }
William Neily }

Proved and admitted to probate on
the 14th day of Feb. 1782 by County
Court of Botetourt.

W. H. Allen, D. C.

John Lewis's Will

(Will Book "A" page 188)

I John Lewis make this my last will and testament to wit my wife Martha to receive one third part of my estate in lands slaves Etc. the residue of my estate in lands & slaves &c to be equally divided amongst my four children (to wit) Andrew, Samuel, Charles & Elizabeth and should my wife be with child it is my will that it shall come in for an equal part with my other children after my wife's third is taken off and in case of the death of my wife the estate to be equally divided amongst my children and in case of the death of either of my children the estates to be divided amongst the survivors of them and should the whole of my children die without lawful issue it is my will that my brother Andrew Lewis's children have my estate equally divided amongst them and in case my children should die without issue as above and my wife should survive them it is then my will my wife have & enjoy the one half of my estate in land and slaves etc and the other half to be equally divided amongst the children of my brother Andrew Lewis and I hereby constitute and appoint my two brothers Thomas Lewis and Andrew Lewis executors of this my will.

Witness my hand and seal the 9th of Oct. 1782.

Witnesses present

Phi. Love }
Wm. Bryan }
James Smith }

John Lewis (Seal)

August Botetourt Court 1783 This instrument of writing was presented in court as & for the last will and testament of Capt. John Lewis decd & proved & ordered to be recorded & on motion of Thomas Lewis & Andrew Lewis Exors herein named certificate is granted them for obtaining a probate thereof in due form they having first made oath entered into and acknowledged sd. bond in three thousand pounds with the revd. Adam Smyth and Philip Love their security according to law.

A copy teste.

Teste: D. May C.B.C.

Turner McDowell, Clerk.

The Whitley Line

The first recorded Whitley was Soloman Whitley, an Augusta County Virginia pioneer, who came from Ireland. He married "Elizabeth of the family of Barnett" (see Marshall's History of Kentucky); their son, William C. Whitley, was married to Esther Fuller. He heard much of the wonderful Kentucky land and told his wife. She said, "William, I would go and get some of this land." (Collins' History of Kentucky.) So the Whitleys came to Kentucky and Colonel Whitley became prominent in early annals of the state. He had quite an estate near Crab Orchard Springs, and built the first brick house in Kentucky. There was a most interesting article on this old house by Esther Whitley Burch in the *House Beautiful* magazine some years ago. It told of the old stairway of thirteen steps, each step carved with the American eagle, and all the old wainscoting, hand made. There is a dungeon or cell in the basement and in the third story loose boards in floor for hiding places. Some of the present-day descendants have done much to destroy the value of the old place, historically, building a huge porch and pulling off much of the original wainscoting, etc. The old house stands on what was called "Sportsman's Hill," near Crab Orchard, Kentucky. Colonel Whitley also had a race track on his farm, supposed to be the first in Kentucky. He was a volunteer in the War of 1812, heading a company of Kentuckians, and was killed in the battle of Thames, Oct. 13, 1813. By many he was thought to have killed Tecumseh, at least they lay dead together on the battlefield. Colonel Whitley's name is inscribed on the monument to the Kentucky dead, which stands in the Frankfort Cemetery. There is much mention

The Whitley Line

of his ability in the early annals of Kentucky (Marshall's and Collins' Histories of Kentucky), also in Withers Border Warfare. It has been told that in the Draper collection, in Madison, Wisconsin, Historical Society, is a manuscript diary kept by Colonel Whitley.

There was a large family of children. Our ancestor was Esther Whitley, who married Colonel Samuel Lewis; their daughter Anne Madison Lewis married Richard Masterson Peniston. Their eldest daughter Samuella Lewis Peniston, was our mother.

The Masterson and Peniston Lines

It has not been my good fortune to know very much about these two branches of our family, since I have known them slightly and am not sure where to look for records.

The Mastersons I know of first lived near Bryan Station, Fayette County, Kentucky. The first Methodist Conference held in Kentucky was in their house and the few I have known have been staunch Methodists. Edward Masterson and his wife Mary's son, Richard Masterson, was born December 31, 1752. He married Sally Shore, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Shore. She was born July 26, 1763. Richard Masterson and Sally Shore were married July 29, 1784. Their daughter, Sally Shore Masterson, was born May 14, 1785. Presently there came to Kentucky a handsome young pioneer, Thomas Peniston, who married Sally Shore Masterson. The name Peniston is English, and that is really all I know, and I have never had the opportunity to talk to the few Penistons I have heard of. There was one a teacher of standing in Louisville, and I remember vaguely a Price Peniston, an old bachelor, and his spinster sister, Susan, who lived on a big farm in Jessamine, Kentucky.

Of the marriage between Thomas Peniston and Sally Shore Masterson was born my grandfather, Richard Masterson Peniston, who married lovely Anne Madison Lewis. The only other Masterson I know of was grandfather's cousin, Judge Richard Masterson, who lived in Carrollton, and was a man of high standing. He was a fine specimen of the old-fashioned Kentucky lawyer and gentleman, and had two charming daughters. I think Grandfather Peniston had but one brother, who died a bachelor. Grandfather had

The Masterson and Peniston Lines

a mill at Milton, Kentucky, and was hurt in some accident, never fully recovered, and died comparatively young, leaving grandmother with a large family and scant assets. The two elder boys, Thomas and Richard, could take care of themselves. Aunt Eliza married young, and father assumed the care of grandmother, Aunt Sue, Aunt Prue, and William until they were able to look after themselves. Aunt Sue never left us and was as a dear elder sister.

